making an impression. " And I will tell you of one that happened right in my family. I have a negro girl, eighteen years old, whom I raised. For ten years she has been waiting upon nay old mother-in-law, who lives with me. A few days ago the old lady was dissatisfied with something and told the girl that she felt like giving her a whipping. Now, what do you think? The negro girl actually informed my old mother-in-law that she would not suhmit to a whipping, but would resist. My old father-in-law then got mad and threatened her, and she told him the same thing. Now, this is an intolerable state of things."

The General could not repress a smile and delivered a little homily to the doctor, to which that gentleman listened with a puzzled expression of countenance. " My dear sir, that girl is a free girl, and you have just as little right to whip her, as you have to whip your neighbor's daughter. She ought to resist when you offer her a whipping, and I hope she will. And I will tell you another thing. Among your former slaves there are probably men who have seen their wives, and young men who have seen their mothers whipped by your order. I think the negroes deserve a great deal of praise for their moderation. Another race, if suddenly freed from slavery after such experiences, would probably have proceeded to cut the throats of those who were in the habit of whipping their wives and mothers*. Now go home, treat your

people well, and pay them fair wages, and do not come to me again to clamor about danger and insurrection when the freedmen on your plantation dance and sing, and when the girls refuse to accept a whipping."

The doctor left, sorely puzzled about the mysteries of free labor, and when he and the General met again, which frequently happened, the General invariably bantered him with